

EXTRA

ALL THE LATEST NEWS

LUCE'S LETTER.

Official News from the Admiral of Our Fleet.

That English Crew Sent to Bring Back the Haytian Republic.

Surrender of the Seized Vessel by the Government of Hayti.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2.—The report of Admiral Luce to the Secretary of the Navy, under date of Dec. 21, was made public today.

The Admiral says: "I have the honor to inform the Department that the Galena and Yantic arrived at this port at 9.45 o'clock yesterday morning. Immediately on anchoring, an officer was sent on shore to deliver the despatches sent by the Department of State to our Minister, Mr. J. E. W. Thompson, and to offer him a passage off to the ship.

"At the same time despatches entrusted by the Haytian Minister, Mr. Stephen Preston, at New York, to Capt. Sumner, were sent to Gen. Legitime, to whom they were addressed. On the arrival of Mr. Thompson I presented him with the letter stating the object of my visit. A copy of this letter is herewith inclosed marked 'A'.

"It was then 10.30 A. M., and the time set for the delivery of the Haytian Republic was 3 P. M. The Yantic lay close alongside the Haytian Republic, ready to row her out at the time specified, but about 2.30 the Haytian gunboat Grand Riviere appeared and gave the steamer a line for the purpose of towing her to the outer harbor, where she was to be formally delivered up. Owing to the unexpected difficulty of getting the anchor up and being obliged to tow the ship to the outer harbor, the appearance of the Grand Riviere, and the evident disposition evinced by the Haytian officials to get the ship out, I considered that the terms contained in my letter had been complied with as far as practicable.

"The action taken by the Haytian Government in the premises is set forth in the letter addressed to our Minister, Mr. Thompson, a copy of which is herewith inclosed marked 'B'.

"After the morning of the Haytian Republic to a buoy in the outer harbor, Vice-Admiral Luce, in company with the Haytian Minister, Mr. Stephen Preston, and the Haytian Republic, was taken to the Haytian Republic, where she was to be formally delivered up. Owing to the unexpected difficulty of getting the anchor up and being obliged to tow the ship to the outer harbor, the appearance of the Grand Riviere, and the evident disposition evinced by the Haytian officials to get the ship out, I considered that the terms contained in my letter had been complied with as far as practicable.

"I have not up to the present writing formally accepted the vessel, and will not until the terms of her delivery are fully complied with. I have the assurance that this will be done.

"Meanwhile we have an officer and party of men on board to take care of her until the arrival of her crew, expected by the Atlas line.

"A slight misunderstanding in regard to the interchange of the courtesies common to all nations, and the Republic of Hayti, when I shall call on Gen. Legitime, who was inaugurated as President of the Republic of Hayti on January 1st.

"I trust the entire cordials may be happily restored.

"A somewhat singular chapter has just been added to the history of the Haytian Republic.

"It seems from what I cannot but consider as good authority that only the day before our arrival the Haytian Government was about to deliver up the Yantic to an English crew and send her to New York.

"The letter herewith inclosed from the Atlas line, a steamer, home office in Liverpool, explains the matter.

"The object of sending the Haytian Republic to New York to be delivered up to our Government has not yet been made quite clear.

"The ships will call at Santiago de Cuba, one at Havana, keeping on their way here for the present as a matter of precaution.

"As soon as possible one ship will be dispatched to the Haytian Republic, to the waters of St. John and other parts in the hands of the opposition.

"I write this somewhat hurriedly in order to take advantage of a mail about to leave for New York by a Dutch steamer.

"To prevent misunderstanding and the untoward results that might follow, I beg you will inform the authorities that an officer of this command will be ready to receive the Haytian Republic at 3 o'clock this afternoon, at which time it is hoped the guard will have been withdrawn, as it is my intention to take the steamer to the anchorage in the outer harbor this afternoon before sunset.

JIMMY'LL CHEER HIM UP.

TIP IS NOT YET AT HOME IN HIS CENTRAL PARK QUARTERS.

The Other Elephants Bid Him Good Morning and Try to Make Him Comfortable. He Finds Difficulty in Eating Baker's Bread—Jennie, Who Came Here with Him, Returns to Philadelphia.

Tip, the new addition to the elephants in Central Park, woke up this morning and humped himself to get around in his new quarters in the menagerie building. But he couldn't get around because a good stout chain held him tightly to a post.

Then Tip looked wistfully across at his brother elephants—Tom, Lizzie and Jimmie. They stood in a line poking out their trunks at him, and saying "Good morning" with a pure Asiatic elephant accent.

Last night when Tip arrived the other three got quite excited, and trumpeted in great style. Jennie was with Tip then, having been his companion du voyage from Philadelphia. But Jennie went back last night, and was rather homesome with the three other elephants who were with him, all so sociable.

He slept like a top, however, from 11 o'clock last night till 7 this morning. Then he awoke and proceeded to feel homesome at once.

A five-ton lonesomeness is an awful thing to grope with.

What the other three admired most in Tip was his pair of lovely tusks, six feet long. Jimmie has small sawed-off tusks and Tom and Lizzie have none.

Tip sagged up and down on his legs, and hadn't the heart to do a minnet while he was trembling with homesickness. The other three watched him and drank up the water very much broken up on Jimmie, but lately she has transferred her affection to Tom, who weighs five tons, and is only an inch smaller than Tip.

When Lizzie feels around with her trunk and plays with Jimmie's ear, which she does for exercise, Tom pushes in between them and snuggles very savagely. They fill their trunks with a gallon or two of water and then give it down their throats.

Lizzie seems to do this, but takes the hose right out of her trunk and drinks up the water. Tip cheered up when he had drunk about a barrel of water. Last night he was treated to a sumptuous supper of carrots, cabbages, and turnips.

One of the stalls has been knocked away, so as to make room for Tip. He is an Asiatic Indian elephant, eighteen years old, and is big footed, and has a very small trunk. Lizzie is a European elephant, sixteen years old, and is small footed, and has a very large trunk.

"I guess I'll give 'em something to eat," said Billy Snyder, the keeper. He went out, and came back with a little sack of three dozen loaves of baker's bread. He pitched a dozen to Tip, and slung the rest over to the tip opposite.

Tip used it as an article of diet, and tried to roll it up as he does a wisp of hay, but he couldn't handle it very well.

Tip caught it on the fly with his trunk, and then try a new delivery with an eye in curve. When he flopped on the floor, he petulantly put his big foot on it, and braved up, looking at Snyder out of the tail of his eye, with an expression that seemed to say: "What are you giving us?"

The other three had gotten away with their share in five minutes, and then looked over at Tip monkeying with his, and Lizzie snuggled right out, and stuck her trunk in Jimmie's ear, tickled to death.

Crowds of small boys and large men were pressing against the rail of the menagerie this morning, trying to look around the corner and see Tip, and a Park policeman big footed him, and braved up, looking at Snyder out of the tail of his eye, with an expression that seemed to say: "What are you giving us?"

Director W. A. Conklin came down to look at the new-comer and see that everything possible was done for his comfort.

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WHITE AVENGERS.

Brutal Murder of Four of the Wahalak Negroes.

Three Bands Who Have Never Given Up the Search.

George Maury Said to Have Escaped to the North.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

COLUMBUS, MISS., Jan. 2.—Reports received here state that four of the negroes implicated in the Wahalak affray have been killed by the white avengers, headed by William Hare.

Last Sunday the vigilants sent into Shingulak for supplies, and it was learned that the men-hunters had murdered four negroes—Wide Cheatham, Anthony Wilder, Zack Maury and Stiles Stennis.

Zack Maury was shot while the white men were talking to him in his cotton gin, and while he was protesting that he knew nothing about his brother's whereabouts. Cheatham was shot in the yard back of his house. He begged for his life.

Wilder, a Union soldier, who was with Grant at Vicksburg, was met by the desperadoes on the road as he was going with a load of cotton seed to Wahalak. The men shot him and buried his body, as they had the two others, by digging shallow holes and putting stones upon the dirt after the corpse was covered.

Saturday they caught Stiles Stennis, who had been hiding in an abandoned engine-house, or house, Grand weaver. Stennis tried to defend himself with an axe and was shot three times before he fell.

His daughter told the hunters that George Maury had escaped from the country, but that Walter Crook, the other leader of the negroes, had been with her father three days before and had left to go with a negro in the country and borrowed enough money to take him North.

A BRIGAND IN THE TOILS.

Tom Gorman Robbed at the Pistol Point and Shot at a Policeman.

A short young man, pale and determined looking, was taken into the Jefferson Market Court this morning safely handcuffed and closely escorted by Thomas Gorman, accused of robbing two women at the point of a pistol in West Twenty-sixth street last night and afterwards attempting to shoot Patrolman Higgins.

Mrs. Eliza Redmond, of No. 248 West Twenty-sixth street, told Judge Duffy that at 9.30 P. M., as she was returning from her home, she was stopped by a man who held a revolver in his hand, and kept tight hold of her pocketbook.

Just at the moment Officer Lavin, who had seen Gorman stop another woman, gave chase, and after a fierce struggle captured the highwayman.

Gorman, who is only eighteen years old, is known at Police Headquarters as a crook who has done bold work in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Montreal and other cities. Only three weeks ago he broke into Peter McElhone's store at 406 Tenth avenue, escaping with a big stock of cigars. Several robberies in this city are charged against him.

Gorman was held for trial, and was taken to Headquarters to have his picture taken for the Rogues' Gallery.

THE CHAMPION EIGHT IN SUGAR.

How Col. Muenchen Surprised the New York Athletic Club's Crew.

The dining-room of the New York Athletic Club was so transformed yesterday that its oldest inhabitant wouldn't know it. Col. Muenchen, the manager of the Club, had worked hard from 1 o'clock New Year's morning until nearly noon decorating it.

Banners and trophies of all sorts that have been captured by the Club's athletes all over the world were hung about the walls until you could hardly find a vacant inch. Cars, shells and skulls were scattered everywhere.

If ever a table groined with a great jay of good things the lunch table did when the doors were thrown open at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Every delicacy one could think of was there temptingly displayed.

The masterpiece of decoration was a reproduction of Travers Island in sugar, with the club-house, track, cottages and boat-house all faithfully represented. The eight-oared shell crew, champions of the Harlem, made in sugar, were shown rowing a sugar boat with sugar oars over a sugar course. The men were much pleased with the picture's sweet reasonableness.

BY ACCIDENT OR SUICIDE?

WHICH WAY DID JOHN MULHOLLAND MEET HIS DEATH?

The Story of an Unknown Man Who Had Much Influence Over the Contractor—This Man Said to Have Caused Mulholland's Family Trouble—The Deceased Had Heated the City in a Heavy Suit.

Was it an accidental death or a suicide? This is the question which can be answered by no one connected with the Mansion House, One Hundred and Twenty-second street and Third avenue, where John Mulholland, the wealthy Harlem contractor and builder, was found dead last evening.

According to the accounts, Mr. Mulholland had been separated from his wife for the past three months. He was not known as a heavy drinker previous to this time, but from the date of their separation he was on a continual spree, having no fixed place of residence, sleeping in the various hotels in the vicinity of Third avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

On New Year's Eve, at about five minutes before 12 o'clock, he entered the saloon owned by J. J. Ryan, at the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-second street, and underneath the hotel where his body was afterwards found.

He remarked to the bartender that he had been making a fool of himself and would go to bed, and immediately after he ascended the stairs to room 19, on the third floor of the building.

He did not go to bed, however, for when the chambermaid entered the room at 10 o'clock yesterday morning Mr. Mulholland was sitting in a chair at the end of the room; his head was buried in his arms, which rested upon a small table. He had not moved any of his clothing, and seemed to be in great mental agony.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the servant passed by his room again, the door was open and he was lying on the bed partially undressed.

The servant noticed at the time a strong smell of gas in the room, but she paid no particular attention to it, and went about her duties.

Two hours later she had occasion to go by his room again, and noticed that the door was closed, though that Mulholland had dressed and gone out, opened the door and found him sitting upright in bed.

The smell of gas was unbearable by this time, and the man looked queer as he immediately notified the clerk, who, rushing into the room, shook him, only to discover that he had died from asphyxiation.

As Mulholland had been in a maudlin condition and the screw of the gas jet was very difficult to turn, it was thought that the man in putting out the gas had not turned it off to a full stop.

An EVENING WORLD reporter who saw the dead man's son, Frank Mulholland, was told that the cause of the trouble in the family was the wife's refusal to drink and to go to the city and see her mother.

This story seemed at times to possess great influence over Mulholland, and at times he seemed to be in a state of mind that would lead him to do anything.

The deceased, who was said to be worth \$500,000, had been lately decided a couple of hundred thousand dollars to his wife. Mulholland's body is in charge of John Livingston, his son-in-law, a plumber at 501 East Eighteenth street.

The young widow of the dead man says that when she asked Michael, just before he died, who did the stabbing, he said "Hans." This is interpreted as referring to one Henry Vogelbein, a nineteen-year-old German, who is known by the nickname of Hans the Barber.

For this person the police began to look as soon as the wife's statement was heard, but he had disappeared.

So great was the confusion about the scene of the affray that the police have found it extremely difficult to get connected stories of the trouble or to find exactly who was present.

It is certain, however, that James and Michael Crowe had some trouble about the latter had uttered some threats, on leaving his house, as to what he would do if James troubled him again.

SUICIDE IN HIS CELL.

James McTague, a prisoner in the Raymond Street Jail, committed suicide this morning by hanging himself from the bars of his cell door.

When the orderly made his tour at 3 o'clock McTague was soundly sleeping. Two hours later he was found hanging by his neck dead. He had used a small piece of rope and a handkerchief to make a noose. His toes were touching the ground when found.

McTague was committed to jail last Monday to await trial on a charge of grand larceny in the stealing of a set of harness from Henry Hamilton.

A CRIMSON RECORD.

The New Year Opens with a Grist of Bloody Affrays.

Cutting, Slashing and Shooting in This Morning's Early Hours.

A Prospect of Plenty of Work for the Electric Executioner.

The New Year's criminal record has opened with an assortment of cuttings, slashings and shootings which, if followed by any approximate number of fatal results, will keep the electric executioners busy after their work begins.

Andrew Metz was a victim early this morning to the keen edge on James Howell's razor. His head was badly cut and he was taken off to Bellevue Hospital for treatment, while Howell was put under arrest.

Metz was twenty-seven years old, and lives at 840 Eighth avenue. Howell was a nurse on Blackwell's Island. The affray occurred at Forty-sixth street and First avenue.

A pistol was the weapon used by Pasquale Masoli, an Italian, in settling a row with Eugene Hoyne, an Irishman, of unknown residence.

The Italian comes from New London, Conn. Hoyne was shot in the abdomen, and at St. Vincent's Hospital, where he was immediately taken, he was said to be in a dying condition. He was thirty years old.

The fight occurred in front of 1 Varick street, about 2 o'clock A. M. Pasquale's age is thirty-four.

An hour earlier, in a fight in James street, two Italian seriously wounded each other.

Antello Dudonia, aged thirty-six, of 83 James street, shot Nicholas Basso, aged thirty-two, of 16 Roosevelt street, the wound being in Basso's head.

The bleeding Basso had a razor handy, and he retaliated by cutting Dudonia severely in the face.

Both men were taken to the Chambers Street Hospital.

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THE SAILOR WESTWARD BOUND.

He Will Fight Young Mitchell Out in 'Frisco.

Sailor Brown, the naval champion middle-weight, leaves this city this afternoon for California, where he will fight young Mitchell for a purse offered by the California Athletic Club, of San Francisco.

Sailor will represent the Illustrated News on the Pacific slope, being its champion. He is in first-rate condition, and notwithstanding the praise heaped upon young Mitchell's head he says he will be there when the bell rings and will not be defeated.

Sailor is a wicked man in a finish fight, buty-esssed of a remarkable power of endurance and being able to stand much punishment.

It was in a glove bout with him in Palace Hall, last week, that Denny Butler broke his arm.

Sailor will stop in Washington to learn from Jack Dempsey about the tactics of his opponent and will then proceed westward, having by his ticket twelve days in which to reach 'Frisco.

Arthur T. Lunley and Several of Sailor's friends accompany him to the Pennsylvania depot in Jersey City.

A POLICEMAN ON A TEAR.

Jersey City Will Lose This One of Her Boys in Blue.

One of Jersey City's finest, in full uniform, stood among the rank and file in the prisoners' pen of Justice Wanser's Court this morning.

He was Patrolman James Gibbons, of the Sixth Precinct. He was placed in the force a year ago, and has spent four months of his time under suspension.

Last night he was placed on a responsible post. Late in the evening he staggered into the kitchen of Mrs. Hannah Geisel, at 133 Lincoln street, far from his post.

He took entire possession of the house, drove Mrs. Geisel out and made himself comfortable until Policeman Hammell appeared with the frightened lady.

Gibbons was locked up all night and returned to his cell this morning on a charge of being drunk and disorderly.

He was formally suspended by Chief Murphy and will be dismissed by the Commissioners.

Jersey City Jetties.

Charles Coover, a young clerk living at 3274 Eighth street, was run over at midnight by a team, followed closely by Harrodsburg and the driver, Philip Gast, was arrested.

Henry Bender, of 116 Clinton street, Hoboken, dropped dead last night at the Palisade avenue depot of the elevated road.

George Hill, a coach driver employed by John V. Burke, of 101 Newark avenue, was thrown from his seat by an accident this morning and fatally injured.

ARTICLES FOR DUFUR AND ROSS.

Two Hours of Wrestling at the Howard Athenaeum Next Friday Afternoon.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

Boston, Jan. 2.—The articles of agreement as finally signed by Duncan C. Ross and H. M. Dufur for their wrestling match at the Howard Athenaeum next Friday afternoon provides that the stakes shall be \$500 or \$250 a side; \$25 a side being posted as a preliminary deposit, and the balance of the \$225 a side to be put up at the same place with the final stakeholder twenty-four hours before the time set for the match.

EXTRA

ALL THE LATEST NEWS

THE CLIFTON RACES

A Large Attendance Despite the Raw, Threatening Weather.

Friar's Victory Upsets the Knowing One's Calculations.

Playfair, Van and Bela First Under the Wire.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

RACE TRACK, CLIFTON, N. J., Jan. 2.—Despite the raw, threatening weather, a large crowd, among whom were many betting people, flocked to the Clifton course today. The track was in good condition.

The first race was won by Playfair, a 6 to 1 shot, who beat Lomax, the favorite. "Father" Bill Hilly immediately purchased him for \$500. Again were the talent duped in the second race, when Friar, a 20 to 1 shot, beat the favorite, Rosalie.

Parade \$250; selling allowances; three-quarters of a mile. Playfair, 137; Lomax, 137; Friar, 137; Rosalie, 124; Henderson, 124. (Henderson) 3 Time—1:25.

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